

orchestra leader and Ramsay Macdonald is a professional golfer, but such knowledge has no practical value. Let us put into the hands of our students the machinery for intelligent reading, and the names will take care of themselves.

It is not enough to ask our students to write an occasional theme on international problems. We must develop in them a day-by-day consciousness that the world about us is very much alive, and that the destinies of our country are being affected by each new development. If an important story breaks in the morning paper, let us see that it receives attention before it is stale. If we want our students to be alert on international questions, we must give unmistakable signs of being alert ourselves.

My students know they are expected to keep in touch with important international developments, but I rarely assign specific reading except for special oral reports of rather formal character. After the discussion of some problem, I frequently recommend articles in the leading magazines.

Although I assign some formal themes on international questions and often ask students to write for fifteen minutes during the class period on a timely subject, I consider the informal discussions most important. These encourage students to speak extemporaneously under conditions approximately those of discussions in real life. If properly directed, this is the most beneficial kind of composition work.

Students like this use of international relations as a basis for oral and written composition. Many have told me that they never before paid any attention to what was going on outside our country. As a group they are more attentive to oral reports than when such subjects as "How to Make a Diving Helmet" or "The Requirements of a Good Camping Site" were used. Only one or two in a class were interested in making a diving helmet or choosing a camp site. International relations are potentially interesting

to everybody who can read intelligently about them. And they are of vital concern in the process of education if the graduates of our schools are to have a voice in determining national and international policies.

J. HAL CONNOR

THEN AND NOW

Instead of fitting the child to the school, good teachers have now learned to fit the school to the child.

WHEN I was a little girl in the primary grades, one day my father gave me ten cents to buy a box of colored pencils and a tablet. I took them to school and after finishing my assigned tasks in remarkably quick time, I took out my recently acquired materials and began to draw. Never had a child applied herself more diligently; in fact, I was so quiet and interested that the teacher made her way to my desk before I was aware of her presence. When she beheld the blue sky, green grass, with trees in the foreground and trees in the distance, she said in her severest voice, "You naughty child, wasting your good time in school, spending your father's hard-earned money foolishly! Stand up, so that every one can see what a naughty child you are," and I stood. After that I had little interest in drawing.

Years after I came up for the final examinations in a Kindergarten Training School. It so happened that the examinations were oral, given by the principal of the school—a nice motherly sort of woman. When it came time for the drawing examination five of us were sent to the board at one time. "Draw a maple tree." "Draw an elm tree." My turn came. I was literally shaking. "Mary, draw a horse." I was visibly moved by this time, and in a voice filled with tears I replied, "I can't draw a horse." The demand came again and, in addition to the tone of voice with which we were all familiar, the examiner dropped her spectacles

down over her nose. I knew better than to say "I can't" again. I drew something. There was no question in my mind that I couldn't draw a horse; and by the time I'd finished there was no question in the mind of the principal that I couldn't draw a horse!

Here is a contrasting picture. In a primary grade a boy was sitting at his table apparently doing nothing. The teacher watched him for a time and then said, "Get to work, John; get to work." John looked her squarely in the eye and replied, "I am working; I'm thinking up a poem."

"I beg your pardon. I thought you weren't doing anything. When you have thought it up, come tell me and I'll write it down for you."

A few minutes later John spoke: "I have thought it up all but a few words. Will you help me?"

This is the finished product:

"Pretty little blue bird
Sitting on your nest,
Do you keep the eggs warm
Underneath your breast?"

Let us shift the scenes again. The children in the second grade in one of the large demonstration schools in the south had acquired in the spring gold fish, snails, turtles, and other small forms of water life. There was a tradition in this school that the children who attended the regular session did not attend the summer session. It was much too hot for them to go to school in the summer time, so the children from the public schools availed themselves of the advantages of the demonstration school. The regular session closed on Friday and when the summer session opened the following Monday, the surprised teacher looked into familiar faces. "Children, this is summer school. You don't come in the summer time; it is too hot for you to come to school. You go home and play in the shade." The children were crest-fallen; they hadn't expected that kind of a reception. Then a child spoke up: "We know this is the summer

school. But we thought about our fish in the aquarium. We knew more about feeding them than anybody else, so we just decided to come on to school this summer to take care of them." School was in session eleven weeks. Those children were there every day. They never gave a thought to the hot weather. They had an interest.

What is the difference between the first two and last two illustrations? The necessary parts of the school are the same. They haven't changed. They are still teacher, children, materials. But today they are looked at from a different angle. The emphasis has been shifted. The school and the materials have been made to fit the child instead of the child fitting them. My opening remarks told you I am not an artist. I have not tried to paint a picture, but only to sketch roughly some of the things which are being done to help the child make the best adjustment to this complex life in which he finds himself and at the same time bring out the best that is within him.

MARY LOUISE SEEGER

THE MIDNIGHT HILLS

I was lost in the Midnight Hills,
Lost in their black and green,
My feet were noiseless on the slopes
Where no man's foot had been.

I walked with rain, I sat with night,
I made my bed with frost;
And impenetrable quiet
The hills gave me, who was lost.

And when from the sunless silence
I turned towards home again,
The strange gift of the Midnight Hills
Set me apart from men.

—EDNA TUTT FREDERIKSON

People acting in a group can accomplish things which no individual acting alone can even hope to bring about.

—FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.